3:Cable & French M-5 (1926) 1927 AF13 Northwest China
Sinkiang AI 1

grows to enormous size, and varieties of the little '*tien kwa*,' '*mien kwa*' and '*hsiang kwa*' were here, as in China, prime favourites with the Chinese. Melon cultivation has been carried by the Kumulik to a fine art. On a sandy or stony patch the plants are so trained as to allow each fruit to rest upon a dry, sand-baked spot, where it absorbs the heat of the torrid rays. The grower must work ceaselessly in his garden, watering, pruning and training the tendrils, and when the fruit has come to perfection he and his assistant never leave the tiny lodge from which they watch their precious merchandise, even taking it in turn to sleep. When the fruit is still quite young and the skin soft, each melon is branded with the grower's monomark, and when ripe this mark stands out in bold relief, white and hard.

One day we took a good consignment of Arabic gospels and tracts in our cart, and with the Chinese Evangelist went to pay some calls in the Huei Huei city. As we entered the gate we were met by an old white-bearded Ahung in a white turban and long gown. By his side walked a tall and beautiful woman in a pale blue cotton dress and white veil, who carried a water-pot on her head. The whole picture was so reminiscent of Galilean scenes as to cause us a momentary shock as we realised that this was not Nazareth but the 'shameful city of Camul'—for thus did Marco Polo refer to this oasis of the desert.

As usual the women asked us to their houses, and where there was a difficulty with the language it always seemed easy to find an interpreter, for the Moslem frequently adds a Chinese wife to his harem, and many of the people are bilingual. The rooms in which we were received were not unlike those of the Chinese, only that the *kangs* were much lower and unwarmed,